arttamulla intu matam

The *magnum opus* of Kaviyarasu Kannadasan

Read in English......

A humble tribute of Dr.N.RAMANI to a great poet....

BOOK V

I have given here below such of those songs of Pattinattar and Batrakiriar which had a special appeal to me personally.

menru vilunki vitai kalikka nir tetal
enru vitium enakku enkove - nanri
karutar puramunrum suttalalal senra
maruta un sannatikke vantu.

(When will it become the morn unto me Oh my Lord? I am still wandering in search of water to push down what I eat through my throat and to quench my thirst. You burnt the three cities to ashes but those who come to your temple have forgotten their indebtedness unto you.)

kantam kariyatam kan munru utaiyatam
antattaip pole alakiyatam tontar
utal urukat tittikkum onku pugal orrik
katalaruke nirkum karumpu.

(The sugarcane standing beside the sea at Tiruvorriyur are you the glorious Lord. Your throat is dark; you have three eyes; you are as beautiful as the cosmos; you are so sweet to those worshippers who melt in worship of you.)

Otu viluntu sippayum onpatu vayppunnukku
itu maruntai yan arintukonten - katu aruntum
tevati tevan tiruvorriyurt teruvil

povar atiyirp poti.

(I have found out the right cure unto the nine holed wound from which the puss flows as the outer shell is cast off. It is the soil tread upon by those devotees who walk through the streets of Tiruvorriyur where the Lord of Lords who drank poison resides.)

attimutal erumpirana uyir attanaikkum
sitti makilntalikkum tesika - mettap
pasikkutaiya paviyen palvayirraip parri
isikkutaiya karonare.

(Thesika! you relieve all from the elephant to the ant from the snare of life. I am quite hungry. The sheath of life strips my belly out, sinner that I am.)

poyyai oliyay; pulalai vitay; kalatti
aiyarai ennay aram seyyay - veyya
siname oliyay tiruveluttaintu otay
maname unakkenna manpu.

[Oh, my mind, you have no nobility unless you give up lies; give up meat; meditate on the Lord at Kalatti; perform good deeds; give up the destructive anger; respect the five letter *(na ma si va ya)*]

mannum tanal ara vanum pukai ara
ennariya tayum ilaipparap - pannum ayan
kai aravum atiyen kalaravum kanpar
aiya tiruvaiyara!

(My Lord of Tiruvaiyaru! Favour with your grace for
the earth to cool down
the sky to have the fog removed
my mother to go to rest from giving birth
the creating ayan to give rest to his arms
me to rest my feet.)

kalan varumunne ken pancataiyumunne
palun kataivayp patumunne - mel vilunte
urrar alumunne urar sutu munne
kurralattanaiye kuru.

(Utter thou the name of Kurrattan well before
the God of death comes to you
the eyes become hazy with age
the last drop of milk is poured ceremonially into your mouth
the relatives fall on your dead body and weep and wail
the people of the place burn your corpse.)

vavi ellam tirttam manal ellam venniru
kavanankal ellam kananatar - puvulakil
itu sivalokam enrenre meittavattor
otum tiruvorriyur.

(Every well contains the holy water; the sand everywhere is the holy ash; the trees in the forest around are his attendant Gods. Those who are really meditative praise Tiruvorriyur as the world of Siva in this world on earth.)

arurar inkirukka avvurt tirunalenru
ururkal torum ulaluvir - nere
ulakkurippai natata umarkal nivir
vilakkirukkat tit tetuvir.

(When Arurar is here you go round many places observing holy days of celebration all in vain. Those of you who do not directly perceive His will are the dumb who search for fire with a lamp burning by your side.)

eruvaykku iruviral mel er untu irukkum
karuvaykko kankalakkappattai - tiruvarurt
terotum vitiyile settuk kitakkiray
nirottam taraikke ni.

(Just two finger breadths above the anus is the basis of awakening. Not realising that, you long for the vagina two finger breadths away on the other side. Letting yourself to be carried with the tide of life, you live as the dead on the streets of Tiruvarur where the temple chariot runs.)

ettanai ur ettanai vitu ettanai tai perravarkal
ettanai per ittalaikka en enren - nittam
enakkuk kalaiyarrai ekampa; kampa

unakkut tiruvilaiyatto.

(Won't you remove my affliction of repeated births Lord Ekampa, is my affection a plaything unto you? How many places of birth had I, how many houses, and how many mothers? How have I answered promptly when my parents in different births have called me by ever so many different names!)

sirrampalamum sivanum arukirukka
verram palam tedi vittome - nittam
piranta itam tetute petai mata nenjam
Karanta itam natute kan.

(The mystic hall at Chidambaram and Siva are by our side
And yet we had gone in search of temples without the Lord
Everyday the poor heart longs for the pleasure of the place from where we took our birth (vagina)
The eyes are in the look out for the breast from where we have sucked milk.)

totavilum punkotait tokai unai ippotu
tetinavar poyvittar teriyiru - nati ni
ennai ninaittal ituppil utaippen nan
unnai ninaittal utai.

(Oh you, with loose ear studs!
Sweetly fragrant like a bunch of flowers!
With hair like plumage!
He who had been in search of you has left for good now.
If ever you were to think of me with desire, I will kick you at your waist.
If ever I were to think of you, you can kick me likewise.)

vasal pati tanti varata piccaikku inku
asaippatuvatillai annale - asaitanaip
pattiranta kalamellam ninaikkirapotum parametti
kattiranta nanattaic col.

(Noble Lord! I don't have any desire for food in alms that is thrown at me off the door steps of a household. When I think of the past in the grip of desire, I say unto myself the wisdom I have learnt from the eyes of the Supreme Being who has opened my own eyes.)

naccaravam pundanai nanrakat toluvatuvum
iccayile tan ankiruppatuvum - piccaitanai
vankuvatum unpatuvum vantiru vayilil
tunkuvatum tane sukam.
(Pleasure consists of worshipping well
Him who has worn the poisonous snake
Being there with Him in thought
Accepting food in alms and feeding on it.
Sleeping at the doorsteps of the temple.)
irukkum itam teti en pasikke annam
urukkamutan kontu vantal unpen - perukka
alaittalum poken arane en tekam
ilaittalum poken ini.
(If food is brought in love of me unto where I am, I will eat of it.
Even if persuaded to go with anyone I will not go. Oh Aran!.
Even if my body were to languish in hunger I will not go.)
vittuvitap pokutu uyir vitta utane utalaic
cattuvitap pokinrar surrattar - attiyinri
enneramum sivanai errunkal porrunkal
sonna atuve sukam.
(Let me tell you where the pleasure of life lies.
Glorify and praise Sivan for ever with no hindrance.
After all, this life would leave this body.
The body will be burnt by the relatives as soon as it leaves).
vetta veliyana velikkum teriyatu
kattalaiyum kaippanamum kanate - ittamutan
parrenral parratu paviyen nencil avan
irrenave vaitta inippu.
(The sweetness that He has put within my heart for sure cannot be seen by the all-inclusive void; ordering for it and paying money can't buy it; desire to retain by itself can't have it retained.)

melum irukka virumpinaiye venvitaiyon
silam arintilaiye sintaiye - kal kaikkuk
kottai ittu mettai ittu kutti mottappatta utal
kattai ittuc cuttuvitakkantu.

(Even after seeing for yourself how the arms and legs are laid on a bed of cotton seeds and the body is beaten down as it burns along with the funeral logs, the mind, you desire to live further without realising the nobility of the one who rides the white bull.)

Onpatu vayt tol paikku oru nalaip polave
anpu vaittu nence alaintaye - vankalukkal
tatti tattic cattai tattik kattip pittuk
kattik kattit tinnak kantu.

(Even after seeing for yourself how the fierce vultures hop about the dead body and tear it to pieces and swallow; crying all the while, you go round every day with desire for the pleasure in the nine holed skin bag.)

innam pirakka isaivaiya nencame
mannarivar enriruntu valntarai - munnam
erinta kattai mitil inaik kovanattai
urintu uruttip pottatu kantu.

(Even after having seen for yourself how the body of the one who had lived as a king was laid on the pyre on which another body had already been burnt, would you accept to be born again, my heart?)

mutal canku amututtum moykulalar asai
natuc canku nalvilanku puttum - kataic cankam
ampotatu utum ammatto immatto
nam pumi valnta nalam.

(The first conch feeds the infant with milk; the second conch declares how the cuffs of love for women with fragrant hair have come to be worn and the last conch announces the death. Between these, by virtue of life lived on earth we suffer so much that can’t be said this much or that much.)

eccilenru solli itamatikam pesatir

eccil irukkum itam ariyir - ecciltanai
uyttiruntu parttal orumai velippatum pin
sitta niramayamame.
(Because you have the ability to speak, don’t keep bragging. You do not know the worth of speech. If you restrain speech and remain silent, you will come to feel the unity of being. Then the will becomes tranquil.)
ettolilaic ceytalum etavattaip pattalum
muttar manam irukkum monatte - vittakamay
kati vilaiyadi iru kai visi vantalum
tati manam nirk kutattetan.
(Whatever profession is he in, whatever hardship he may have to endure, the resolute will have his mind fixed on the ultimate bliss. Though the woman with a water filled pot on her lead walks swinging her arms and uttering deft remarks, her attention is fixed on the pot.)
malaip polutil narumancal araitte kulittu
velai menakkettu vilittiruntu - sulakip
perral valarttal peyarittal perra pillai
pittanal en seival pin.
(She ground the turmeric and applied it on her body as she bathed in the evenings; keeping herself awake, she became pregnant, begot, reared, and named her child. What can she do if such a child becomes a madcap?).

BATRAKIRIYAR BEWAILS

When is it that I am bestowed with the grace of attimukavan
Uttering the bewailing words of bliss-bestowing wisdom?
Holding conceit within and burning the senses five
Sleeping without winking the eyes, when is it I become happy?
Holding on to sleeping in Sivayoka meditation eternal
When is it I become a storehouse of the nonstagnant grace of God?
Enjoying the everflowing grace stored within
When is it I will have the fortune of not missing it?

Without languishing within with lasting worries
When is it I cut away the ignorance of illusory birth?
Cutting through the ignorance of illusory birth
When is it that I attain the ever-green fort?
Becoming like a child, becoming deaf and dumb and wandering
When is it that I feel your presence, remaining as a spirit?
Wandering like a spirit taking the woman lying like a corpse for the mother,
When is it that I could complete the mission of my life?
Being shown their thighs and face and eyes and the pleasure thereof
When is it that I live forgetting them?
Giving up the illusion of the desire for the best of women
When is it that I can live in blissful union with closed eyes?
Avoiding being stuck in the vagina like a cleft wound
When is it that I stand apart?
Realising that father and mother, sons and brothers are false,
When can I experience the thrill in the mind?
Living with talkative women all the while
When can I be like the tamarind fruit and its outer shell?
Floating like a leaf of lotus on water
When can my mind stand off the surrounding relatives?
Having enjoyed the pleasure afforded by my wife in romantic moments
When can I tell unto myself how hollow had it been?
Melting in expectation of a man other than the husband
When is my heart to meet in love for Him?
Having her mind away unto herself even while the husband derives his pleasure from her is she.
When am I to inject your sense into my heart even while in this life?
Having lost the man who had been with her, she looks everywhere for him.
When am I to look for you thus?
Enjoying the fulfillment of the lust of each kind as it should be enjoyed,
When am I to fix the mediation of my stony heart on you?

Shedding tears like a waterfall, spreading like split pearls
When am I to comprehend the nature of the Supreme Being preached unto me?
Melting at the soul, melting in love, and melting the bones, when am I to attach myself to the experience of the divine?
Leaving this ephemeral life which is like a bubble on water,
When am I to flow in love towards you?
Melting my love and spreading my knowledge on it
When am to cut off the persistent sorrow of the web of affection?
Making a bow the mind, making the five sense the cord
When am I to shoot the arrow of my knowledge?
Having the boat to cross the river holed by pricking logs
When am I to realise the drama of life for what it is?
Unmoving in my stance and unattached to anything in thought
When am I to achieve the state of bliss ultimate?
Installing the feet adorned with gold and silver within the heart
When am I to spread the glow contained within into the outer world?
Containing myself within the cocoon and growing into the insect
When am I to achieve His grace holding myself indoors?
Like unto the brightness of God covering the entire cosmos
When am I to unite with the graceful feet of His?
Like unto the many jewels hidden within gold
When am I to shrink into you having been born of you?
Born into a birth worse than even that of the dog
When am I to shine forth like the rays of the sun free from affliction?
Like unto cotton burnt by surrounding rays of the sun
When am I to be brightened by the light of your grace?
Like unto iron melted in fire to assume a new shape
When am I to forego this form and obtain the new and taste the sweetness of the sugarcane?

Like unto the fertilised egg of the sea-tortoise which hatches at its will
When am I to unite with you by my will?
Like unto the one who dashes out of house
When am I to know the trick of fleeing this shell of a body?
Like unto light which becomes one with darkness swallowed
When is it my ignorance to be swallowed by our grace?
Like unto the lightening which appears and gets lost in the sky
When am I to realise my Self within myself?
Like unto rays of light revealing everything in a pot full of water,
When am I to realise all the forms assumed by you?
Will ever the gold worn bear the weight of the body?
When am I to find you within my will?
Like units getting rid of the verdigris corroding brass,
How am I to forbid the triple blemishes of mine undoing me while unripe?
Like unto the body and the soul does He dwell in the soul
When am I to identify and hold fast to Him?
The mystic knowledge is like the dream of the dumb
When will the day come for me to realise its bliss?
As unmistakably bitter as the sesame, sweet as sugarcane,
Fragrant as the fresh flower and pungent as asafoetida
He pervades all in and out.
When am I to feel and know Him?
Like churning the waters of the milky ocean to take out amrita
When am to churn myself to realise you?
Like the lotus sticking out of water with droplets on it
When am I to bring yourself out from within and see?
Being subject to neither birth nor death, silencing both speech and breath,
Having neither forgetfulness nor remembrance when am I to live dead?
When am I to live with the thought
That you can please the whole of cosmos within myself?
Giving up the dreams of enjoying desirable women

When am to shrink into you professing my faith?
Holding on to life I wander about everywhere.
When am I likewise to hold on and shrink into you.
The body is like a stick planted on mud to sprout.
When am I to make it dynamic to reach you through the wind?
Foregoing myself and foregoing this life
Foregoing my Self too
When am I to be beside thy grace?
Forgetting myself, forgetting the state of life
Forgetting my blemishes when am I to reach your presence?
Forgetting the human in me which led me from my Self
Forgetting myself and bolting all doors shut
When am I to sleep with you within me?
Like the anril which is happy only when it is not away from its mate.
When am I to read the divine books even as you have deserted me?
Fixed with not a minor jolt, moving not a little
When am to look for the formless Ethereal Being?
When am I to go to my Mother for the food of wisdom
Even as my reason goes unripe, deluded by the sins of previous births?
When am I to be intoxicated with the Divine Fruit
Like being intoxicated with toddy
And obstruct my life on earth?
Routing out the conceit of *I* and the philosophy of the ego
When am I to shine with no question of why?
Identifying the *me* and the *He* with the eye of wisdom
When am I to surrender making Himself of myself?